

Mercenary Love.

I covet the gold that shineth
And diamonds and gems that gleam.
I long for the glittering dowry
Mine avarice sees in a dream.
A dream of the radiant treasures
That are mine to have and to hold.
For the maid I'm to marry hath riches
And I'm wedding for jewels and gold.

For the gold in the rippling tresses
That shine with a sunny sheen;
For the rubies in lips of crimson
And the pearls that lie between;
For the blue in the blue of the sapphires
In eyes that are brave and sweet.
The eyes that fall at parting
And eyes that brim when we meet.

But the crown of a dozen kingdoms
And the gems of a blinding mart
And all of the miser's mountains
Hold no wealth like the wealth of her heart.

These are the riches I covet.
The treasures of Ophir untold.
And clasping this radiant dowry
I'll marry for jewels and gold.
—Collier's Weekly.



DOROTHY'S DILEMMA

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.

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It was the Dominie's turn to tell a story. "Or you can sing a song if you prefer," suggested the Judge with a suave air.

"Or I dare say you would accept a cake-walk," returned the Dominie, as he arched his eyebrows and looked around at the company.

"We'd prefer it," said the Colonel promptly. "I'll touch up the piano with a little ragtime."

"I refuse to gratify your scandalous wishes," replied the Dominie stoutly. "I'll not only tell a story, but I'll see that there is a moral tacked on as becomes one of my cloth."

"Can't you give us the moral first, then we won't have to be dreading it?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, I'm willing to do that. The moral is: Beware of selfishness, lest you be hoist with your own ydiddle shell. It all happened up at my town last fall. There's a widow living there who has three daughters, very estimable young ladies, but, alas, the two older are exceedingly selfish. They are both somewhat farther along in life than the average unmarried woman—I don't know how old they are—I hope I'm too much of a gentleman to know anything about a lady's age—but just for the sake of the story we'll call one of them slightly over thirty and the other slightly under. The third daughter I'll willing to come out boldly and call twenty—we're on safer ground when we get down in that neighborhood, you know. And better yet, this girl is one of the most unselfish creatures in the world. She is, in fact, a most charming girl in every way, with a pretty face and a quiet, unassuming manner which never fails to win with its simple charm. If she has any failing it is that of too great humility and an inclination to allow herself to be imposed upon. But probably this has been brought about largely by her being constantly dominated over by her older sisters. There is, I believe, a sort of unwritten law among women that daughters must marry in rotation according to age, though instances of rebellious younger sisters who marry before their elders are common enough. But certainly in this case Dorothy, which we'll name the youngest, had not the least idea of ever doing anything so improper. It might seem to her that her older sisters had had a fair chance, and that they were unconscionably long in getting out of the way, but still she was patient and willing to wait.

"Indeed, Dorothy was very closely looked after by her mother and older sisters, and little opportunity was ever given her even remotely to contemplate the idea of marriage. It was not until last fall that anything in the guise of a man was allowed to approach within hailing distance. Then she was given the privilege of receiving some circuspeople calls from a neighboring young man named Harry Lambert. He's one of the best young fellows in town, only a year or two older than Dorothy and altogether desirable in every way. During the fall he was accustomed to drop

regularly paying court to Elizabeth, the oldest, for a number of years. Mr. William Jackson has been doing the same by Ruth, the second daughter. I don't know why, but the progress of Messrs. Edgewater and Jackson has been exceedingly slow. They have called with clocklike regularity every Sunday evening, but the joyous wedding bells have refused to ring.

"So during the fall things ran on as I have indicated, each of the young men finding happiness in the company of the lady of his choice every Sunday evening. But with the approach of cold weather the prospect



"Indade, O'll not."

for Dorothy changed. The porch of the lawn were all very well under the soft influence of the harvest moon—perhaps preferable to any other place—but the austere November moon is another thing. Right here I ought to mention that the widow's house, though comfortable, is far from large. It accommodated Elizabeth and Ruth very pleasantly for courting purposes, but there was really no place for another. So there was nothing for Dorothy but to throw herself on the generosity of the others, and beg them to share with her, since Sunday evening was the only time that Harry could conveniently call. She went to Elizabeth first and laid the case before her, and asked for the use of the parlor occasionally—perhaps once a month. The older girl proved colder than the November moon. She replied in effect that she was in the habit of entertaining Mr. Edgewater in the parlor each Sunday evening and that she had no intention of giving it up for a chit who ought to be in short dresses. Hardly! Dorothy had better go back to her dolls.

"Poor Dorothy wiped her eyes and sought Ruth. This lady was dumbfounded. The idea! She was accustomed to see Mr. Jackson in the dining room each Sunday evening, and she thought she saw herself giving it up to a mix who ought to be wearing her hair in a long braid. Oh, yes! Dorothy had better go back to her dolls. Dorothy had a quiet cry, then she bethought her of Maggie. The kitchen was not just the place to receive Harry, but any port in a storm; so she sought out Maggie. "The folks of that! Well, I never! And me in the habit of receiving Officer Donovan here every Sunday night, with the const of the missus. And him a proper young man, and on this beat, and that his only night off. Indade, O'll not! O'll give notice first! It's a wonder that Miss Dorothy don't go back to her dolls!"

"Poor Dorothy! She retired to her own room and had a good cry. Fate was against her; there was no hope. It was Saturday; the evening paper predicted a cold wave. There was a little touch of snow on the ground the next morning. Dorothy cried some more. This was really all there was left for her to do.

"But next evening Harry came. He had feared the worst, and was provided with his winter overcoat and a pair of heavy gaiters. Dorothy put on her winter cloak and took her muff and together they spent an hour tramping briskly up and down the path beside the house. Their teeth chattered considerably, but they managed to carry on a conversation, and to some purpose, as appeared subsequently. At the end of the hour Harry said good-night at the front steps,

passed out the gate, sneezed furiously three times and hurried home.

"The next afternoon Dorothy and Harry called at my house. Harry asked me to marry them then and there. Dorothy told their story, and explained that they had not intended to be married for a couple of years, mainly out of regard for the feelings of her sisters, but that now there was nothing for them but to be married or give each other up, which they could never, never do. So I married them.

"The marriage, I heard, produced some excitement in the widow's household. Elizabeth and Ruth are reported to have said things, especially when they got a note from Dorothy while away on a little three-day wedding tour, asking them please to look after her dolls, and see that they were fed regularly and put to bed at seven o'clock. Messrs. Edgewater and Jackson were also said to have been rendered thoughtful by the occurrence, and when I met Officer Donovan on his beat the next day I noticed he seemed preoccupied. So if you haven't forgotten my moral you see where it comes in. Be generous. At least, don't be too selfish."

AFTER THE BIG FIRE.

Humor of Incidents in Connection With Baltimore Conflagration.

On Water street, near South, the big granite-based buildings were mashed to a mass of barely recognizable ruins. In one of them, however, right over the door way to the side was a big sign. All about this sign demolition was spread by the wild fury of the flames and falling walls, and the building looked like it had been at the mercy of a miniature Kansas cyclone. But just the same, like the celebrated flag in Francis Scott Key's immortal song, the sign was still there, and it read, "For Rent—Desirable Offices in the Basement."

The basement, or what was left of it, was all that remained of the former five-story building.

Not a block away was another peculiar freak of the fire. There was a cigar store on the corner of Lombard and South streets, in front of which there was evidently a sign advertising a certain brand of cigars. The building was in ruins. Every sign of life was destroyed. Ruined buildings and fallen electric wires made passage-way very difficult, but the advertisement, or at least a great portion of it, was still observable. The lower part of the sign stood out in strong relief, reading, "The Best Smoke in Town.—Baltimore World."

HE BUILT HIS OWN POORHOUSE.

Queer Trick Which Fortune Played on a California Gold Miner.

The Murphy family was very numerous in California in the "days of '49." Some members struck it rich in the mines and held onto their fortunes, others were not so lucky. One Murphy in particular is remembered by all the old time miners. He made a big fortune in the gold mines and started to build a magnificent country residence near San Jose, the noted fruit center of California.

The elegance of the place was the talk of the whole community. But one day, to the surprise of his business associates, Murphy slapped a big mortgage onto the property.

Rates of interest were enormous in those days, and as poor Murphy had been unable to meet his payments, one day the beautiful home went under the auctioneer's hammer, and was bought at a great bargain by the county for its poorhouse.

Things went from bad to worse with Murphy, and in a few years the proud old Irishman was obliged to enter his old home as an inmate, a county pauper.

Something About Coral.

Those irregular branches, so prettily red and shining, are all small skeletons of tiny animals, lower in the natural order than insects, and they come from the Mediterranean, where for ages and ages they have been growing at depths of five or six fathoms.

What a vast multitude of coral animals there must be to rear whole reefs of coral underneath the waves, structures so firm and well built that they form islands on which men live and form cities and ply commerce.

Bermuda, so near our own shores, is built on formations of coral—red, white and black, the latter being by far the rarest and most valuable; white coral is not worth much. It is found near Ceylon.

Coral has often been made use of in sculpture. There was formerly in the Tuilleries at Paris a chessboard and set of chessmen carved from this pretty substance.

The Newest in Skirts.

For the benefit of the mere men, we reproduce the explanation of a New York dressmaker as to how women will manage to walk in the new spring suits, which are made as long in the front as they are in the back—and that is just five inches on the ground. A circular bounce of canvas is set all round the bottom of the skirt inside, reaching up to the knees. "When in repose," says the dressmaker, "the skirt flares out around the feet, lying about five inches on the floor all round. Naturally, a step forward without canvas and without a kick would entangle the wearer in a mass of frills and ruffles, but the canvas and the kick save her. She gives the canvas just the least little kick with the toe of her slipper, the canvas-backed ruffle swings out in advance and enables her to take a step without stepping on the skirt." How lovely!

STORY OF A SONG.

Circumstances Under Which the "Three Fishers" Was Written. Charles Kingsley wrote the "Three Fishers" as a result of the many sad sights he had seen at Clovelly. One day of horror in particular lived in his memory, a day as he described it, "when the old bay lay darkened with the gray columns of the water spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles, in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone a single dawn saw upward of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of strength and courage." These scenes lived ever in his mind.

But the "Three Fishers" was written as a result of one of the strangest incidents in the stormy career of the preacher-author. In 1851 he preached a sermon in a London church on "The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man." At its close the vicar rose and denounced him. Bishop Blomfield forbade Kingsley to preach again in his diocese, until, having read the sermon and seen its author, he withdrew the edict. The same night upon which he delivered his discourse Kingsley went to his home weary. There had nearly been a riot in the church. Sick at heart, he retired to his study. When he reappeared he banded to his family his immortal song; "as though it were the outcome of it all," as his wife said.

HIS WAY TO OUTWIT THE DEVIL.

Preacher's Opinion on Prepared and Extemporaneous Sermons.

Apocryphal of the question of the best way to prepare a sermon Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the great English evangelist, is credited with having told the following story to a class of Bible students at the McCormick Seminary:

"An aspiring young curate once asked an old preacher if it were better to write out a sermon or to preach extemporaneously. The venerable clergyman, who was noted for his rambling discourses, replied: 'My son, never write out your sermon, for the devil will be sure to look over your shoulder and get warning beforehand. Now, when I preach the devil himself could not tell what I am going to say.'"

This remark was almost as sophisticated as that of the old dandy Dr. Thomas used to tell about, who was asked to explain the difference between a preacher and an exhorter.

"A preacher," said the son of Ham, "has to stick to his text, but the exhorter can branch."

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in La Nature by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back, the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.—Montreal Herald.

Not Guilty.

"A friend of mine keeps a hotel out in Ohio," said Representative Beldor, "and the last time I saw him he had a tale of hard luck that made me pause and consider."

"He had a good hotel, and to clinch this idea with his patrons he put up a sign, 'A week's board free if you can beat this hotel at a dollar a day.'"

"A chap came along and staid for two days. Then he left by way of the window without paying his bill. He was captured in the next town, brought back and placed on trial before the justice of the peace."

"The justice heard the case, and decided that the man was not guilty, as he had certainly beaten the hotel for two days' entertainment. Then he shooed the man out of town, and went around to the hotel and collected the week's board for himself."—New York World.

The Color of Whisky.

"A query about Scotch whisky," writes H. P. M., "is, does color indicate age?" Theoretically it should; actually it does not. Whisky is stored in sherry casks to mature and takes color from the wood. Sherry, however, covers a wide range of shades, and a spirit stored in a cask which had held a pale variety would obviously not be colored to the same extent as a spirit stored for a like time in a cask that had previously held a dark-brown wine, though as regards maturing both would be equally improved. The general public, however, could never be got to understand that two bottles of whisky differing in color were absolutely identical in every essential point, and therefore most brands maintain a standard of color by means of a harmless coloring ingredient, namely, burnt sugar.—London World.

HAPPY WOMEN.



Wouldn't any woman be happy. After years of backache suffering. Days of misery, nights of unrest. The distress of urinary troubles. She finds

relief and cure?

No reason why any reader should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I never knew what it was to have good health. Every physician consulted said I had liver trouble, but their medicines did me no good. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife been thrust into my kidneys the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures, the kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular and I was tortured with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed one hundred pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Air Resistance to Trains.

Experiments made by the scientists appointed for the purpose by the French government show that the resistance of the atmosphere to the motion of a high-speed train often amounts to half the total resistance which the locomotive must overcome.

10,000 Plants for 16c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages.
2,000 delicious Carrots.
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery.
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce.
1,000 splendid Onions.
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes.
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. (W. N. U.)

Jorkins—"Your son will be a comfort to you in your old age." Joblots—"If that boy turns out as he promises, I won't have any old age."—Boston Globe.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The life wholly spent in the closet is as useless as the life without the closet is powerless.

Teasdale and Billion Dollar Grass.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

A man who talks constantly has a thousand ways at hand in which to make a fool of himself. A silent man has but one.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE.

Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 10c for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

If the wife does not get any good out of the husband's religion it does not come from Christ.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. There is no force in the fire that is nothing but feeling.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 5c. a package. Work for heaven is better than weeping over Eden.

FITS permanently cured. No cure or nervousness after use. Send for FREE 25c. 000 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. B. Kline, Ltd., 211 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You cannot hide poverty of thought with polygraphies.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many a soul has slipped up on frozen pety.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

To-day is but the shadow of tomorrow. Place's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Hare, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1901.

Doctrines may change, but duties do not.

OPINION OF THE EDITOR OF THE "NEBRASKA FARMER."

He Expresses His Approval of American Emigration to Canada.

During the winter months the head of the family consults with the other members as to the prospects for the future, and doubtless one of the most interesting topics discussed is that of moving to some district where it is possible to more easily secure what is necessary for a comfortable existence, where it is an easy matter to become possessed of sufficient farm land to assure a competence for the future. This, not only interests the head of the family, but every individual member of it.

Having before me the knowledge where he can secure a home with the expenditure of but little money, it is well for him to obtain all information possible regarding the production of the land in the country that he may select. For several years past a large number of Americans have removed to Western Canada, and as nearly as it can be ascertained almost all of these have expressed themselves satisfied with the conditions that exist there. During the past summer a number of the editors of farm papers throughout the United States made a personal visit on a tour of inspection and the reports of these gentlemen prove interesting reading. Mr. H. E. Heath, editor of the "Nebraska Farmer," a paper enjoying a wide circulation as well as the confidence of its subscribers, after giving some idea of the extent of this wonderful country says:

"Western Canada is the last unoccupied and unimproved good agricultural land in America available to-day."

He then discusses its possibilities for raising live stock and the advantages it possesses for dairying, farming and wheat growing, and says, "What has been said about the country as to the ability of the soil, the yield of wonderful crops of wheat, is quite justified."

To quote further from Mr. Heath, he says, referring to climate:

"These people (skeptical ones) do not know or realize that altitude more than latitude makes climates; that large bodies of water, both fresh and salt, that never freeze over, exert a wonderful influence on climate. Another influence on climate, more potent than those named above, which applies more to the Alberta district, is the warm Chinook breeze from the Pacific ocean, which is 600 or 700 miles nearer than Colorado or Wyoming, besides the Rocky Mountain range is not nearly so high nor half so far from the ocean as it is down in the States.

"In further considering the climate of the Canadian prairies, we should not lose sight of the fact of the influence of the rains; the total average rainfall for the season is but 13.35 inches for the territories, and 17.34 inches in Manitoba, and that the amounts falling between April 1st and October 1st are respectively 9.39 inches and 12.37 inches or about three-fourths of the entire rainfall. From the middle of June to the middle of July there are over two hours more daylight in every twenty-four hours than there is in Nebraska. The main reason why Western Canada wheat grows to such perfection is the effect of solar light, or longer period of sunshine it gets each day. This is what makes seeds or grain more perfect, grown in this country than elsewhere. This extraordinary rapid growth of vegetation under the influence of this long continued sunshine exceeds anything known in lower latitudes.

"We do not wish it understood that wheat alone is the main product of this country; it leads in that, yet it is destined to become famous for its cattle, horses and sheep and for its dairy products. We saw more and larger bands of cattle and sheep grazing in Assiniboia and Alberta than we ever saw on the western plains of the United States. One band of cattle numbering 5,000 head were grazing on the rich grass, and sheep without number."

The government of the Dominion of Canada is still using the same energetic efforts which have been used for the past 5 or 6 years to settle up these western prairies, and on application to any Agent of the Canadian Government the settler will be able to secure a certificate entitling him to a low rate which will give him the opportunity of visiting any portion of Canada's grain producing domain.

Education.

The most valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not.—Huxley.

Salzer's Earliest Cane.

Another new thing. Can be cut six times during a season and sprouts again with lightning rapidity. Next to Salzer's Teasdale it will make more green fodder than anything else; cheap as dirt and grows everywhere. Of Salzer's Renovator Grass Mixture, just the thing for drying out pastures and meadows, Mr. E. H. Hapgood, East Park, Ga., writes, "I sowed Salzer's Grass Mixture on soil so poor two men could not raise a fuss on it and in forty-one days after sowing I had the grandest stand of grass in the county. Salzer's Grass Mixture sprouts quickly and produces enormously." 100,000 barrels choice Seed Potatoes.

SALZER'S NEW NATIONAL OATS.

Here is a winner, a prodigy, a marvel, enormously prolific, strong, healthy, vigorous, producing in thirty states from 150 to 300 lbs. per acre. You had best sow a lot of it. Mr. Farmer, in 1901, and in the fall sell it to your neighbors at \$1 a bu. for seed.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. (W. N. U.)

The world and everything in it belongs to the Christian, to help him make a true man of himself.



Under the tree on the lawn.

around Sunday evening and spend an hour with Dorothy on the front porch sitting on a bench under a tree on the lawn. Her mother approved, though the older sisters were accustomed to sneer and to question the propriety of the proceedings. Though you must not gather that the older girls had no attentions—far from it. Mr. Edward Edgewater has been re-